

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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### The New Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party

The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell recently accepted the Prime Minister's invitation to become Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party, on the resignation of Lady Hester Bourne, who had held the post since 1940. The new Vice-Chairman is the widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Somerset Maxwell, only son of Lord Farnham, and former M.P. for King's Lynn Division of Norfolk, who died in hospital last December, as a result of wounds received at Agedabia in November. During her husband's absence on service overseas, until his death, Mrs. Maxwell acted as his representative in the constituency. She is a daughter of the late Captain Marshall Roberts, who was born an American citizen and became naturalised British at the time of the Boer War, in which he served with the Scots Guards. Mrs. Maxwell, who was married in 1930 and has three children, joined the W.V.S. Transport Department at the outbreak of war, and subsequently became President of the St. John nurses in King's Lynn





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Attack

THERE is something uncanny and almost sinister in the repetition of home propaganda in Germany. Every effort is being practised to add to the gloomy forebodings of all Germans. It is not by chance that General Dittmar has told the German people that they are encompassed by war on three fronts. At the beginning of this war the prospect of threats from two fronts was a big enough bogey for any German. Now they are told that war is being waged against them from the east, from the south and from the skies over Germany. What is the explanation of all this gloom? Undoubtedly there is a purpose in the way the propaganda is being perfected. I cannot pretend to know what it is. It does seem that Hitler, and some of those round him, have given birth to some mad idea by which they hope to save their country.

Marshal Pétain, in the early days of France's collapse, preached the virtue of suffering as the price of the regeneration of the French people. In Italy we have seen emerging lately the same propaganda line as Pétain adopted, and Hitler now practises. Do the leaders of these three countries imagine this is the way to find their own salvation? I cannot imagine that the people of Germany, staunch patriots as they are, will fight any harder after doses of this kind of medicine. Most people fight while

there is a spark of hope in their hearts. But can the people of Italy and Germany have any illusions on which to base the barest hope? We must remember, of course, that Hitler has promised more than once that if he goes under he will drag all of us with him. I very much doubt his success in this sinister purpose. It is a Wagnerian dream and nothing more. For there are too many people in Europe and the rest of the world in whose

Italy's past follies is fantastic. The Allies did not force Italy to make war. They did their utmost to dissuade her. Marshal Badoglio appeared to forget this. So many people in Europe, and in Africa, have suffered for Italy's folly and for Germany's ambition that they cannot be let down. They may not want the fullness of revenge, but they do expect Italy to pay the price for the failure of her wicked ambitions. When Marshal Badoglio's policy became clear, it was obvious that nothing could be done by the Allies but to fight on and force Italy to capitulate.

## Sinister

BEHIND the scenes in Rome there has been working the sinister mind of Count Grandi, once the polished and popular Italian Ambassador in London. In the days when Britain practised all the conventional niceties of the host and the diplomat, Count Grandi was working against us. His suavity was disarming and his ability proved considerable. He got



## A Royal Betrothal

This picture of King Peter of Yugoslavia and Princess Alexandra of Greece was taken shortly after the formal announcement of their betrothal last week. When making the announcement, Mr. Trifunovitch, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, stated that the ceremony of betrothal would not take place at present, because of the sufferings of the peoples of Yugoslavia and Greece. Princess Alexandra is the daughter of the late King Alexander of Greece and a cousin of the Duchess of Kent. She was educated in England and trained at Cambridge as a Red Cross nurse. About a year ago her engagement to King Peter was unofficially announced



## Dr. Evatt and the R.A.A.F.

Dr. Evatt, Minister for External Affairs and Attorney-General for Australia, while in England, visited Australian airmen at a R.A.A.F. Coastal Command station. With him here is Group Captain James Alexander, O.B.E., R.A.A.F.

hearts hope is very strong. Most of them hope for freedom and relaxation from suffering; some of them hope for revenge. Together these people who hope for a better world at the war's end are in the majority.

## Failure

MARSHAL BADOGLIO has fallen between two stools, and failed. He wanted peace at his own price, and was not ready to recognise all the military reverses which have been imposed on Italy. He wanted terms of peace similar to those which Hitler gave to France, or so it seemed. Quite obviously he did not want to surrender anything. He imagined that he could barter for Italy's neutrality, so that she could withdraw from the war as though she had never taken part in it. Looking back, this conception of the reward for

to know the British very well and quite clearly it was his practised hand which guided Marshal Badoglio in the early days of his new power, and also advised King Victor Emmanuel. Fortunately those in authority in this country have no illusions about Count Grandi. He may now claim to be a good Italian, but so he was when he worked in London with ambition and wickedness in his heart.

## Fate

CLEARLY King Victor Emmanuel's throne is more in jeopardy now than at any other time. It is doubtful whether he can survive. At the behest of the people of Italy he got rid of Mussolini and put Marshal Badoglio in his place. The object was to save the House of Savoy. It may be that this weak and simple-hearted king might have achieved this with





### Distinguished New Zealanders

Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., commander of the New Zealand forces in North Africa, recently received from the King the knighthood conferred on him eighteen months earlier. Here he is seen (right) talking to Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Mrs. Jordan



### A Useful R.A.F. Crew

The four men in this picture were the crew of the aircraft which landed the first glider in Sicily. They are F/Lt. T. Neill, of Sussex (gunner), F/Lt. G. Hood, of Manchester (observer), W/Cdr. P. R. R. May, A.F.C., of Cambridgeshire (pilot), and F/O J. Clarke, D.F.M., of Ayrshire (operator)

greater certainty if he had gone further and given more heed to the wishes of the Italian people. The stubbornness of Marshal Badoglio prevented this happening. If Marshal Badoglio had acted promptly and sued for peace immediately on attaining power, we should not have known how great was the anxiety and the suffering of the Italian people, and how earnest was their desire to stop fighting. Here was the marshal's classic mistake. In this way he exposed the weakness of Italian morale and the powerlessness of her military organisation. But he wanted to shed Hitler gallantly and to make peace with us on a gentleman's terms. In other words, he wanted the best of all worlds and this is where he failed in his first days. King Victor can have little gratitude for what Marshal Badoglio has done; less than he had for what Mussolini produced in Italy. For Marshal Badoglio missed a very good opportunity.

### Future

NOTHING can save Italy now. We know her weakness and she will have to pay the price. Whatever the Italians try to do, or the Germans attempt to make them do, will make no difference. The removal of Mussolini is the beginning of the end of the Axis. Hitler must be well aware of this, for in 1939 he prophesied the fate which would overcome Germany if Fascist Italy were overwhelmed. All around Hitler there are signs that his Nazi Empire is crumbling. At the moment the process is very gradual. But success attends the arms of the Allies. They have superiority in the air. They have regained the freedom of the seas and they have won initiative on the land. They can strike at Hitler from many points as and when it suits them. They can bomb and bomb Germany with increasing ease, for the air strength of the Allies increases every day. Only a stroke of genius, a totally unexpected development in air defence, accompanied by a revival of hope as well as effort on the part of the Germans can now save them from their fate. Can Hitler compel those people who once lived in Hamburg to fight back harder by his gloomy propaganda? I doubt it. They have lost everything and they have suffered from the weapon with which Hitler threatened us. Their panic has spread to Berlin, as it will spread to other German cities. Meanwhile the armies of the United Nations march on and on.

### Submarines

A NAME which must breed many fears in Germany's Air Ministry must be that of Air Chief Marshal Harris. He is fulfilling all he promised he would do as his bombing offensive increased. But in the German Admiralty there is another name they have to conjure with. It is that of Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, Chief of Coastal Command. He is the man who has broken the U-boat menace. There is no doubt that while things went well for Hitler's armies, and even when they began to go badly, the Germans believed that in the U-boat they had a weapon which would ultimately defeat Britain and isolate us from the United States. The Germans even believed the monumental sums of tonnage their U-boat commanders had supposedly sunk. These claims sounded so convincing, and at one time our shipping position did appear in catastrophic light. But Sir John Slessor appeared at Coastal Command with a plan which was equally convincing to the War Cabinet in Whitehall as it proved to be to President Roosevelt in Washington. The plan is succeeding beyond its earliest expectations. Sir John Slessor puffs at his miniature pipe, and wears his cap with a typical sailor's slant, for he is happy in the confidence that he has won a great victory.

### Promotion

M. MAISKY went to Moscow from his embassy in London some weeks ago and will not be returning. He has been promoted to be Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs under M. Molotov. This is an important change, which may not be without considerable significance. All his friends regret M. Maisky's departure, and are sorry that they were not able to bid him farewell. As an ambassador M. Maisky was tireless, painstaking, able and unconventional. No ambassador ever worked so hard for his country. Nothing was too small to demand his personal attention. The scope of his activities was remarkable. He remains in Moscow with the most complete knowledge of this country and the hopes and aspirations of the British people. At all times he was a close student of our political parties and their personalities. In the key post he has been promoted to, Ambassador Maisky is now in a position to do great work in the interests of Anglo-Soviet co-operation and understanding.



### Mansion House Luncheon

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, sat next to Mrs. Wellington Koo at a luncheon held at the Mansion House recently. She and her husband, Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador, were the guests of honour of Sir Samuel Joseph, Lord Mayor



### Merchant Navy Occasion

Viscount Bennett, seen with Mrs. S. L. Simpson, responded to the toast at a lunch given in honour of the Merchant Navy at Simpson's Services Club. He discussed the question of coupons for men of the Merchant Navy



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

What of the Future?

By James Agate

**W**HAT is the cinema industry going to do when peace comes? Where, in vulgar parlance, will it go for honey? Let us look at the stock films, of which there are twelve.

1. The one about the chorus girl who becomes a star over-night.

2. The one in which young women flounce about in crinolines and do a lot of running-up and down staircases in Old Virginia.

3. The gangster film.

4. The one in which the nauseatingly good-looking fellow in the air-force (American, of course) makes good by crashing on to the deck of a Nazi battle-ship.

5. The American domestic film.

6. The old "Western" rigged out in Technicolor.

7. The international spy-film.

8. The Celebrity film giving a wholly fictitious account of the lives of, say, Disraeli, Rothschild, Ehrlich and Einstein.

9. The "musical."

10. The one about the boxer who for two hours and a half is torn between the ring and the wedding-ring.

11. The film about South America. Or Mexico. Or Hawaii.

12. The war film.

I daresay there are even more categories, but these will do. Is it conceivable that the film companies think they can continue with this very limited repertoire? Yes. About film companies anything may be conceived.

**I**T seems to me that what our friends lack is imagination. For I am convinced that the world is crammed full of good film fodder. I know half-a-dozen books published during the last ten years which would make magnificent films. I have gone further. I have even suggested these books to film magnates in conversation. And not one has been sufficiently interested to make a note of the titles. It is possible that each of these books would require some re-moulding to make a good

picture. It is equally possible that the authors, who have considerable reputations, might refuse to have their books tampered with, even for big money. For example, the hero of one of these books behaves throughout like a cad, and having the courage of his caddishness, does not redeem himself at the end. A film magnate, then, might be justified in turning this book down. Where he is stupid, in my opinion, is in not seeking out this author and two more and persuading them to write say three films each. Given these authors' calibre, I should be enormously surprised if something first class did not emerge. The cost? Reckoning £3,000 per film the magnate is gambling £27,000; less than a drop in the cinematic ocean. Will any film producer who reads this page trouble to ask for the names of my six books? No, of course not. I am told on good authority that all film companies keep a small army of hack writers, to whom they pay enormous salaries and none of whose films is ever produced. Does it ever occur to the trade to get rid of the witless brood and start afresh? No.

**A**NOTHER avenue of approach is suggested to me by Mr. Anthony Ellis's excellent and entertaining volume *Prisoner at the Bar*. Why not retell the amazing story of Hugh Watt, ex-M.P. and shipping magnate? This was a hopeless, romantic born four centuries too late, and "in the direct line of spiritual and temperamental descent from Cesare Borgia, Benvenuto Cellini and Casanova." In the days when Lord Reading was Rufus Isaacs this middle-aged Watt, a rich Glasgow ship-owner, fell in love with his neighbour's wife, Lady Violet Beauchamp. The result led to what Mr. Ellis describes as "an extremely complicated story, extending over many years; a story of action and counter-action, of long-drawn litigation of that kind which only wealthy people, cordially hating each other, can sustain." First Mrs. Watt obtained a deed of separation under which the survivor of the

two inherited all the other's property. In the meantime Sir Reginald Beauchamp had divorced his wife, Watt being mulcted in the sum of £10,000 damages. Mrs. Watt having now obtained a *decree nisi* of divorce against her husband, a vista of happiness opened in front of the enraptured magnate, since the time was at hand when he could marry his adored Violet. That her Ladyship was a grotesque creature with haggard features, a "transformation," long silk mittens disguising skinny arms and wearing a picture hat with a swathe of veils—is Watt's affair, not ours. And then—Mrs. Watt, with the contrariety of her sex, must needs decline to apply for the *decree nisi* to be made absolute! And now the film starts.

**O**UTSIDE Watt's house in Knightsbridge was a young news-boy by name of Worley. To this Cockney imp Watt made the suggestion that he, Worley, should go to Hampton Court (where his wife lived), lure her down to the river, give her one violent kick in the stomach and kill her. "'Ow much?" said young Worley. Watt recited the terms. Fifty pounds if Worley knocked the lady down and hurt her stomach. A hundred pounds more if she died as the result. One pound a week as expenses while waiting the propitious moment for the attempt. One pound a week for life as bonus when the job was complete.

Worley promised to think it over and in a day or two Watt received a letter containing the single word "Done." Then followed a series of reports. Mrs. Watt had met with accidents of all sorts, and the odds were against the lady recovering. Worley begged to enclose the account for expenses. Oddly enough, Mrs. Watt always recovered from her accidents of which her entire acquaintance appeared to be unaware. Watt becoming impatient, Worley introduced him to a more powerful assistant, known as "Nosey" Shuttle, who, it appears, was an expert in chloroform. Mrs. Watt continuing to live, Watt cut off supplies, whereupon Worley and Nosey went over to the other side and warned Mrs. Watt of what they had been bribed to do.

**B**UT Watt was not at the end of his resources. He now enlisted the aid of a shady private detective, who in turn brought in a professional crook and blackmailer calling himself Norman Battle, but known in Hull as "Lightfoot" and in the Gray's Inn Road as "Kirby." In the end the shipping magnate was put on trial charged with having incited divers persons to murder his wife. He was sentenced to five years penal servitude, the proceedings being watched with interest by a "small, vehement figure wrapped in an astonishing mantle of strawberry-coloured velvet reaching to the heels."

**P**ERHAPS the film magnates will have nothing to do with such a burlesque Lady. If so then all the people who make the film have to do is to transfer the transformation and the strawberry mantle to Mrs. Watt, making Lady Violet into the most glamorous of Hollywood ninnies. If this story won't do, Mr. Ellis's book contains nine more. Will any film magnate send for the book and see if any of these is any better? No.



*A Belgian Pilot's Adventures are told in "Flemish Farm" (Leicester Square Theatre, August 13)*

Major Lessart, C.O. of a Belgian squadron (Clive Brook, centre, left) is forced to order the burial of the regimental flag when the squadron leave their country for England. Later, one of the pilots, Duclos (Clifford Evans, right), returns to recover the flag which is buried in the grounds of an old Flemish farm. He has sad news for the farmer's daughter (Jane Baxter), whose husband has been killed in action. She helps Duclos to find the flag and after innumerable adventures and narrow escapes it is taken to England and re-presented to the Belgian squadron of the R.A.F.



# London Theatre News

New Stars Are Taking Over Leads  
In Long Run Tennent Successes



Joan Greenwood in "Heartbreak House"

Joan Greenwood has taken over the part of Ellie Dunn originally played by Deborah Kerr in the present production of *Heartbreak House* at the Cambridge Theatre. A very gifted young actress, she appeared as the child in *The Women* and as Wendy in the *Peter Pan* production of 1941. Her latest film is *The Gentle Sex* in which she appeared as Betty ("half-pint") Miller.

Right: Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey, husband and wife in real life, are taking the parts of Kurt Muller, anti-Nazi German, and Sara, his American wife, in "Watch on the Rhine" at the Aldwych, the roles originally created in this country by Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook. They have been on tour with the play and the whole "second" company have now come to London for three weeks until August 21 to give the members of the London cast the chance of a short holiday after sixteen months' continuous run.



John Vickers

Emrys Jones and Leueen MacGrath in "Flare Path"

Leueen MacGrath and Emrys Jones are taking the parts played by Phyllis Calvert and Jack Watling in the original presentation of *Flare Path* at the Apollo, which celebrates its first anniversary on August 13. Leueen comes from Tipperary, Emrys from North Wales. Leueen played for two and a half years in a former Rattigan success, *French Without Tears*; Emrys toured with Edith Evans in *The Late Christopher Bean* and subsequently appeared as Malcolm in John Gielgud's production of *Macbeth*.



John Vickers

Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans in "Watch on the Rhine"



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Lottie Dundass (Vaudeville)

WAS Lottie Dundass mad? This question, which, as applied to Hamlet, has teased generations of amateur alienists, might have been answered in the confident affirmative within five minutes of her first appearance. For while Hamlet was mad only nor'-nor'-west, Lottie boxed the compass good and hard. She was young and pretty, self-centred and a vehement exhibitionist. Obsessed by the idea that she was an actress of genius, who needed only the chance to outshine Bernhardt and Siddons, she behaved as such, even in the privacy of the home. She blew into the sitting-room, cast her coat on the floor, tossed her

after giving a colleague a dying fall. And, in her quieter moments, Lottie was puzzled to know from which she had inherited the genius that burned within her. One would have said, from both. For while the urge to act was a grandpaternal legacy, she, like her father before her, did eventually dispose of a rival by means commoner on the stage itself than in the privacy of the dressing-room.

In suggesting that the laws of probability were against her, one has the play proper in mind, rather than the play-within-the-play in which she made the astonishing debut that was also her Sedan. But if the prolonged domestic turmoil of the first act did much to alienate sympathy from Lottie, the shifting of the scene from the living-room to the theatre brought brisk relief to the play. It not only speeded up the action, but introduced the play's most amusing and persuasive character. This was the theatre manager, who had just learned that the understudy of his leading lady (who was hors de combat) had played truant and was inadvertently marooned on Salisbury Plain. And the curtain was due to rise in half an hour. Here the dramatist's nice observation and sub-acid wit were given delightful expression by Mr. Bruce Winston, and the hostages of the first act were redeemed.

Needless to say, this was where Lottie came in, and her dreams of grandeur were put to the test of reality. The circumstances may have been more histrionic than likely, but they served. Not only was the faithful Rose temporarily employed as a typist at the theatre, but Lottie knew every line of the leading part which this dire emergency gave her the chance to play. The clothes of the heroine fitted her, a scratch rehearsal justified the risk, and, assisted by Rose, she dressed and was ready to go on.



Hysterical daughter and long-suffering mother are played by Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike

luxuriant mane, pranced up and down, bawled and bridled, wheedled and whined, had heart attacks, gave her little brother's box of pet mice a most vicious back-hander, sobbed in her mother's arms, snubbed Rose, her devoted friend, and carried on with such versatile flamboyance that one would have welcomed the application of a strait-jacket and gag. One marvelled at her mother's forbearance, and wished—unutterable things.

These tricks and tantrums, while assuring the second act of its full measure of theatrical excitement, made the first act seem over-long and more than a little exasperating. One took her seriously enough to dislike her profoundly, while feeling that the dramatist, Miss Enid Bagnold, who is a novelist of repute, was trying out the tools of the playwright's craft with somewhat awkward awareness of their limitations and novelty.

POOR Lottie!—everything seemed against her, even the laws of probability. Her grandfather, it appeared, had been a famous actor in his day, with a dying fall in the voice that had become a legend. Her father, an infamous actor, was now "resting" for life in Broadmoor



The plumber and his mate have their own ideas on the murder mystery (John Jarvis and Charles Sewell)

As Lottie, Miss Ann Todd tackles with courage and a proper appreciation of its formidable problems a tour de force at which a Siddons might have blenched and a Bernhardt boggled. Miss Renée Ascherson plays Rose with skill and conviction; Mr. Winston is most amusing as the desperate manager; and as Lottie's long-suffering mother, Dame Sybil Thorndike subdues her own imperial furies to this passive role, and rounds off pinchbeck tragedy in sterling style.

Sketches by  
Tom Titt

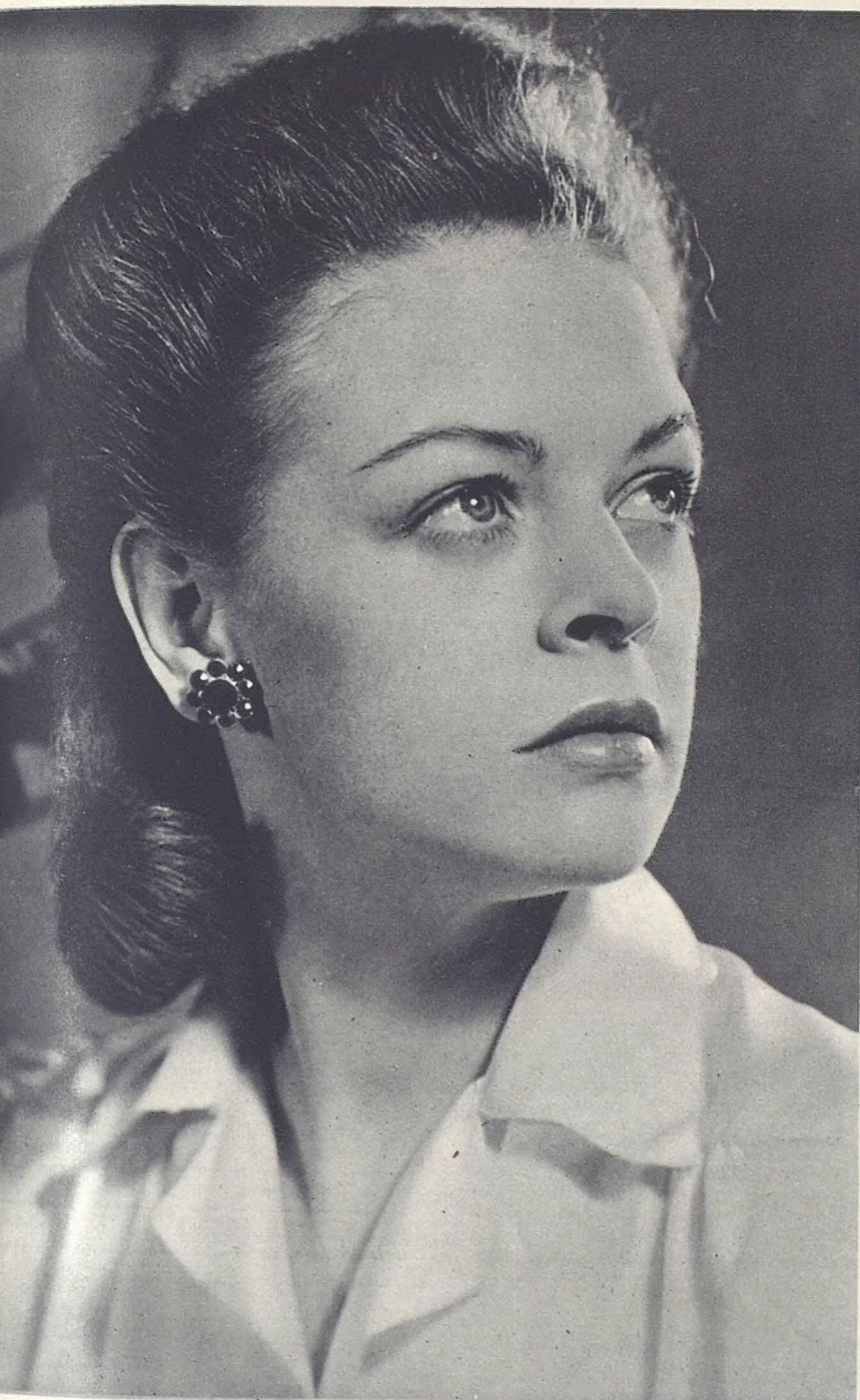


The theatre manager (Bruce Winston) hears the pleadings of his secretary (Renée Ascherson) to give Lottie Dundass a chance. On the right are Mignon O'Doherty and Miki Iveria



## Well-Known Ballerina and Her Son

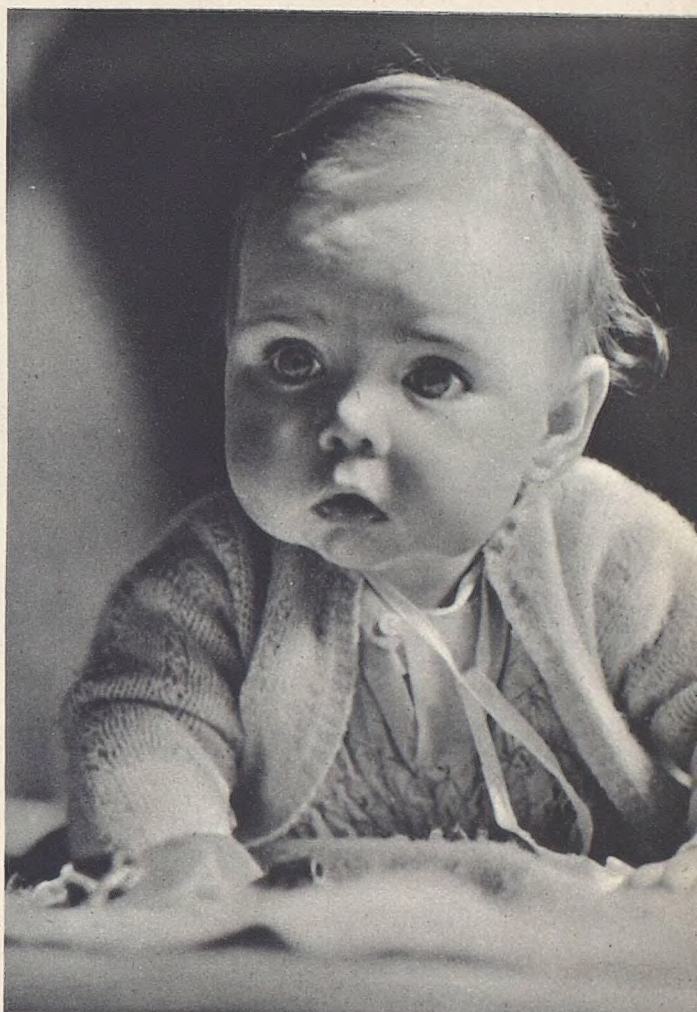
Pamela May is to Rejoin the Sadler's Wells After Nearly Two Years' Absence



*Pamela May is in private life Mrs. Paynton Cowan*

It was in October 1941 that Pamela May made her last appearance with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. She left when she married Lt. Paynton Cowan, a fighter pilot in the Fleet Air Arm who has since tragically lost his life in North Africa. Her young son was born eleven months ago. Pamela May has always been a favourite with ballet audiences, and a great many will be delighted with the news that she will be appearing again very shortly—possibly in September or October, when *Orpheus and Eurydice* (the second role created by Ninette de Valois for her) is to be revived. Pamela May's excellent technique and pure clean line in the classical roles, coupled with her sense of drama, have always been widely admired and make her of infinite value in such roles as Odette in *Lac des Cygnes*, Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*, and the Lilac Fairy in *The Sleeping Princess*.

*Photographs by Anthony*



*Master Paynton Cowan was seven months old when these photographs were taken*



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Stay-at-Home Holiday

MEMBERS of the Royal Family combined their efforts to make August Bank Holiday a day of real pleasure for all those who obeyed the request of the Government and stayed at home. The King and Queen were given a great reception at Ascot, where they saw the King's horse Sunblind, ridden by Gordon Richards, just beaten by Samovar, with Beary up. Later they visited a camp in the neighbourhood and spent some time with the boys there. Meantime, the Duke of Gloucester, accompanied by Sir Godfrey Thomas, was at Lord's, where a record crowd of 30,000 saw England gain a first-day lead of 209 over the Dominions. The Duchess of Gloucester spent her day visiting the Garden Fêtes at Holbeach and at Oundle in aid of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund. Incidentally, this Fund has just paid over another £250,000 to the Red Cross and St. John, making a magnificent total of £2,500,000, which has been raised entirely by the farmers and rural communities of England and Wales. At Eton the Duchess of Kent, who drove over from her Iver home, opened a Holiday Carnival on Agar's Plough, organised to aid the local hospitals.

### Royal Tour in Scotland

ONLY a few days earlier the King and Queen had returned from Scotland, where they had toured war factories, mines and shipyards. They travelled south with the Duke of Gloucester, who had been visiting a number of R.A.F. stations north of the Border at the same time,

and with Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is doing a really hard job of war work at the Air Ministry as Assistant Director of Public Relations, and who had been in Scotland with the Duke acting as temporary A.D.C.

The King and Queen were able to spend a little time in Edinburgh. They had tea with Lord Provost Sir William Darling and Lady Darling at the City Chambers, and then drove out to Carberry to spend an hour with Lady

### Sunday in London

SUNDAY is the only day on which the majority of people engaged in various forms of war-work can meet their friends. Lady Sarah Russell, a recent bride, was looking radiantly happy in a plain lemon-coloured frock, when she accompanied her naval husband, Lt. Edwin Russell, in mufti, to join some friends for lunch. Both this young couple have very little time of their own, as he is in the U.S. Navy and she is still working in the factory she was with long before her marriage. The Hon. Richard Stanley, in khaki, was escorting Miss Georgina Wernher, who is nursing with the Red Cross and St. John. This young couple, of course, have a great mutual interest in racing, both their families being great patrons of this sport. Mr. Stanley's grandfather, Lord Derby, has been one of the pillars of the turf for many years, and now his eldest brother—Lord Stanley—is going to follow in his grandfather's footsteps. One of the best-bred yearlings sent over by



### On Holiday in Cornwall

A. Rahm

Lady Rothschild, and her three children, Jacob, Miranda and Sarah, was staying at Rock, in Cornwall, when this snapshot was taken on the beach. Lady Rothschild is a daughter of the late Mr. St. John Hutchinson, K.C., and was married in 1933. Lord Rothschild is the fourth Baron and is also a Baron of the Austrian Empire



### The Bride Cuts the Cake

Cdr. Edward O. Obbard, D.S.C., G.M., R.N., son of the late Col. O. J. Obbard and Mrs. Obbard, of St. Helier, Jersey, and Elizabeth Lady Knott, widow of Sir James Knott, Bt., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Rose Leveson-Gower. On the train from Fife to Edinburgh, their Majesties gave a small luncheon party, to which they invited Lord Elgin, Lord-Lieutenant of Fife, Lord Rosebery, who, as Regional Commissioner, arranged the whole tour, Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland, and Mr. Haddow, of the Scottish Office.

### Knights of the Thistle

IN peacetime the ceremony of the installation of Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Air Minister, and the Earl of Airlie, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, as Knights of the Thistle, in the Thistle Chapel of St. Giles Cathedral, by the King, would have been full of colour and pageantry, but wartime uniforms and the absence of the green velvet mantles of the Knights robbed it of much of its charm. The installation, and the unveiling by His Majesty of the Thistle Knights' memorial to his father, which followed, were a sort of celebration in advance of the seven hundredth anniversary of the Order, which ranks, of course, above everything except the Garter, and the whole of its officers, with their high-sounding titles and dignities—the Earl of Mar and Kellie, the Chancellor; the Dean of the Order, Dr. Charles Warr; the Secretary, Lyon King-at-Arms, Sir Francis Grant; and Green Rod, Lt.-Col. North Dalrymple-Hamilton—were present.

Her Majesty, as the only Lady of the Thistle, sat next to the King in the tiny Chapel, but the accommodation is so limited that even Lady Hambleden, the Lady-in-Waiting, and the gentlemen of the King's Household in attendance had to be content with seats out of the chapel, in the main part of the cathedral.

the National Stud to the July Sales at Newmarket was bought on behalf of Lord Stanley. Miss Wernher's parents are also keen supporters of racing, Sir Harold owning, among other horses, that wonderful old veteran Brown Jack, now retired and living in quiet comfort in Leicestershire after his many triumphs at Ascot. Since his retirement Brown Jack has raised considerable sums for charity. Lady Zia Wernher has several good horses in training, including Persian Gulf, who ran surprisingly well in the Derby, and is now very much fancied for the St. Leger.

Dining were G/Capt. "Pop" Onslow-Fane and his "petite" dark wife, in a huge silver-fox cape. They were up on forty-eight hours' leave from the aerodrome where he is stationed, and had been down to Eton to make final arrangements for his son, who is going there in September on his return from America, where he has been with his sister. These are the children of G/Capt. Fane's previous marriage to Sally Francis (now Mrs. Andrew McNair and living in America), the only sister of Francis Francis, the young millionaire who is a pilot with the A.T.A. Another wearer of R.A.F. uniform was Maurice Allom, the famous Cambridge and Surrey cricketer, who was also on short leave and had his wife and an American officer dining with him. Capt. "Gar" Emmett, in uniform, having a short respite from his military duties, was with his good-looking, tall wife and their daughter and some friends. Capt. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were another couple who were entertaining. Mrs. Kirkpatrick before her marriage last year was Lady Nuttall, the widow of Sir Keith Nuttall, who died as the result of war services, having fought in





The Countess of Shrewsbury and Mr. Francois Dormeuil shared their table with a large glass. Lady Shrewsbury was Nadine Crofton, and her husband is Lord High Steward of Ireland



Major and Mrs. P. W. Cripps were dining together. He is a son of Major Sir Frederick W. Beresford Cripps, D.S.O., of Ampney Park, Cirencester, and a brother of Lady Cromwell



Major the Hon. Sir Thomas Frankland dined with his wife (formerly the Hon. Mrs. Rous). They were married last year and have a small son. He is Baroness Zouche's elder son

Swaebe

France in 1940 and been in the evacuation from Dunkirk. She has one son, Nicholas, the present baronet, who is nearly ten years old. Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Davies were together. Mrs. Philip Dunne, whose husband is now in the Middle East, was with a woman friend. (Mrs. Dunne's lovely home in Warwickshire has been turned into a hospital since the outbreak of war, with the exception of a small wing where she and her children live.) Others dining were Mrs. Diana Smyly, the Hon. Mrs. Gardner, Lord Delamere, and Mr. and Mrs. Leo D'Erlanger.

#### Soirée Musicale

Good music under comfortable conditions and for a good cause made the *soirée musicale* in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors certain of success, and Lady Boynton and her committee had every reason to be satisfied with the result of the party at the Dorchester, which provided these things. It was enjoyable to hear Tomasini again, though nowadays he has reverted to his own name of Anlon Young.

Marie Elsner, the Viennese of the high notes, who is a naturalised Englishwoman now, was another attraction, and Adilia Fachiri's brilliant violin playing was acclaimed by everyone. It was surprising to find piano solos by Ivor Newton, whom one more readily associates as the accompanist *par excellence*. Mrs. June de Trafford, Mrs. Robert Balfour and Lady Craven (who make up Lady Boynton's committee) were there, though the fourth member, Mrs. George Earle, was absent, taking her leave from her hospital work at the moment. Lady Craven had three of her songs given a first performance by Marie Elsner.

It was a hot night, so Lady Forbes must have been glad that she ventured on wearing full evening-dress—a fluffy affair of brown tulle. Lady Franckenstein's flowered black chiffon, slit from back of neck to waist, also looked nice and cool, but generally afternoon dresses and even hats were worn. Mr. A. V. Alexander received formally before taking his place in the front row, and there were plenty of naval uniforms to be seen, and, appropriately enough,

programmes were sold by Wrens. Lord and Lady Cromer slipped in unobtrusively, and other music lovers present included Lady (Edward) Evans, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, sitting by the one-time light-opera tenor, Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., Princess Brenda de Chimay, Sir George Franckenstein, Lady Snowden, Mr. Ward Price, very brown from his travels in North Africa, and Lady Newall, wife of the Governor-General of New Zealand.

#### Around Town

At this stage of hostilities the houses and wardrobes of even the most patriotic are due for a certain amount of refurbishing, and the West End has been very full of shoppers recently. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp was walking briskly down Bond Street, very bright-eyed and alert, carrying the almost uniform shopping-bag. Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin, who, having strained her back, has had to give up being a V.A.D. and is coming to work in London, was walking with her sister, Miss Mollie Wyndham-Quin, one of the few girls who look really well

(Concluded on page 184)



#### Married at St. Margaret's

Major Benjamin George Barnett, Oxfordshire Yeomanry, son of the late Col. G. Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, of Glympton Park, Woodstock, married Miss Delia Peyton, elder daughter of Major Sir Algernon Peyton, Bt., and Lady Peyton, of Swifts House, Bicester



#### General Alexander's Niece is Christened

Annabella Elizabeth, baby daughter of Col. the Hon. W. S. P. and Mrs. Alexander, was christened at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. In front are Col. and Mrs. Alexander with their children; Alistair, Desmond and the baby; behind are the godmothers, Mrs. H. Walston and Mrs. R. Seymour. Col. Alexander, who is in the Irish Guards, is the younger brother of Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, Deputy C.-in-C., North Africa



## Ballet Down Brixton Way

"Carnival of Animals," a New Light Ballet, by Andree Howard, is Presented by the Rambert Company



*The donkey (Robert Harold) gives a performance of remarkable agility greatly admired by the other animals*

● Brockwell Park has been transformed during the few weeks past into an enchanted garden of dancing. It is part of the Holidays-at-Home campaign, and C.E.M.A. is making a brilliant contribution to holiday enjoyment by presenting the Rambert Ballet Company with a repertory of original ballets by Anthony Tudor, Frederick Ashton and Andree Howard. One of these is the *Carnival of Animals*, by Andree Howard, to the music of Saint-Saëns. Décor and costumes are also the work of Miss Howard. It is the story of a little girl who, reading an animal picture book, drops off to sleep. In her dreams the animals come to life. They include a British lion, a hen, a bantam cock, two fish, a kangaroo, a cuckoo, a donkey, a brace of tortoises, and a bird girl

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



*The Animals Listen to the Little Girl's Music*



*The Little Girl Plays to the Animals of Her Dreams (Sally Gilmour)*



*The Bantam Cock and the Hen (Olive Sarel, Margaret Scott)*





*The Tortoises Retire into Their Shells*



*The Kangaroo is Proud of Her Baby*



*His Britannic Majesty is Crowned by the Little Girl*



*In Her Dream, the Little Girl Watches the Approach of the Animals*



*The Cuckoo Who Vamps the Donkey is Danced by Sara Luzita*



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**S**TICKING a fearless snuzzle into London's Little Italy, round Hatton Garden, Saffron Hill, and Eyre Street way, the Fleet Street boys report that the natives of those parts are taking the Mediterranean war-news with melancholy but philosophic calm (and what did Fleet Street expect? Fireworks?)

The Italian colony in London, as everybody knows, is peaceable, hardworking, devout, and respectable, and in normal times its annual festa of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is nearly as evocative in a grey drizzle of the blue and gold, the cypresses and the vineyards, as the more elaborate one in New York. Further as to its behaviour, we've never heard that the diamond merchants of Hatton Garden lose any beauty-sleep owing to their Italian neighbours. Any danger which may menace those boys comes from further east, where red-eyed financiers pace Turkey carpets, longing to harry Hatton Garden with fire and sword and steal all that hot ice, as gangsters call it, to hang round the neck of some bird-brained mopsy.

## Footnote

**T**HAT Hatton Garden morning habit of casually carrying uncut diamonds in old envelopes in the waistcoat-pocket and exhibiting, buying, and selling them on the kerb reminds us of the innocent, provocative gambols of deer in a well-fenced park. Outside in the undergrowth prowl the City

tigers, growling and jerking at their starched waistcoat-slips in helpless-rage. They daren't chance a sudden leap even after dark, because for one thing they're afraid of the level gaze of Mr. Wright and Mr. Mongini, night-watchmen of Ely Place, hard by, who go round that quiet backwater of Old London after the first strokes of midnight, calling "Past twelve! Past twelve!"

## Orgy

**N**EWs that Capt. Jefferson Dickson, U.S. Air Force photographer, is missing brought back to us vividly the phantasmagoric Paris of the 1920-30's, when Dickson and Josephine Baker had the Parisian gay world, as it was called, eating out of their hands.

La Baker did it by draping her bronzed western sector in bananas and wiggling it. Dickson did it by Barnumesque feats of showmanship, including the staging of a lion-hunt. The lions went cosily to sleep, the hunters—recruited from coloured *plongeurs* or dishwashers from the cafés—twiddled their horny thumbs blankly, and Dickson lost about £20,000. Amid scenes like this Anglo-Saxon and American tourists were merrily sticking 1000-franc notes on their bags like labels, the populace detested and occasionally stoned them, Montmartre



"I was a fool to go near that rifle range"

was like a witch-dance in Hell, Cabinets and the franc kept falling, and the air was full of rumblings, omens, and doom. Moralising some time after the event, like other philosophers, one can plainly see how that orgy on the volcano's edge recalled the eve of the French Revolution.

One thing can be entered to the credit of Parisians during that madhouse period—they refused to stand the film-star Fatty Arbuckle. Fresh to the Paris music-halls from a resounding Hollywood scandal, Mr. Arbuckle got the juicy bird. Thus did public virtue triumph for once, apart from the fact that Mr. Arbuckle's performance was of a deathly dullness.

## Forecast

**A**DVOCATING national scholarship contests for the Universities in the forthcoming New Utopia, the Norwood Committee didn't say how these contests will be organised.

Our information is that candidates, having had their heads and eyebrows shaved and been inspected, weighed, disinfected, provided with State Civilian Uniform No. 5 (dark gray serge, one-piece) and numbered with their number-for-life on a large metal plaque, will be locked each into a steel-and-concrete cell, in the antique Chinese mode, for the written examination. For the ensuing oral part each candidate will be accompanied by (a) the Civil Servant or Servants permanently quartered on his parents, and (b) a member of the secret police. The viva-voce will proceed thus:

Examiner: GJH/786,546?

Candidate: Yes, Sir.

Exam.: Parents YYF/178,665 and MNP/332,098?

Cand.: Yes, Sir.

Exam.: What is the date of the Battle of Waterloo?

Cand.: 1815, Sir.

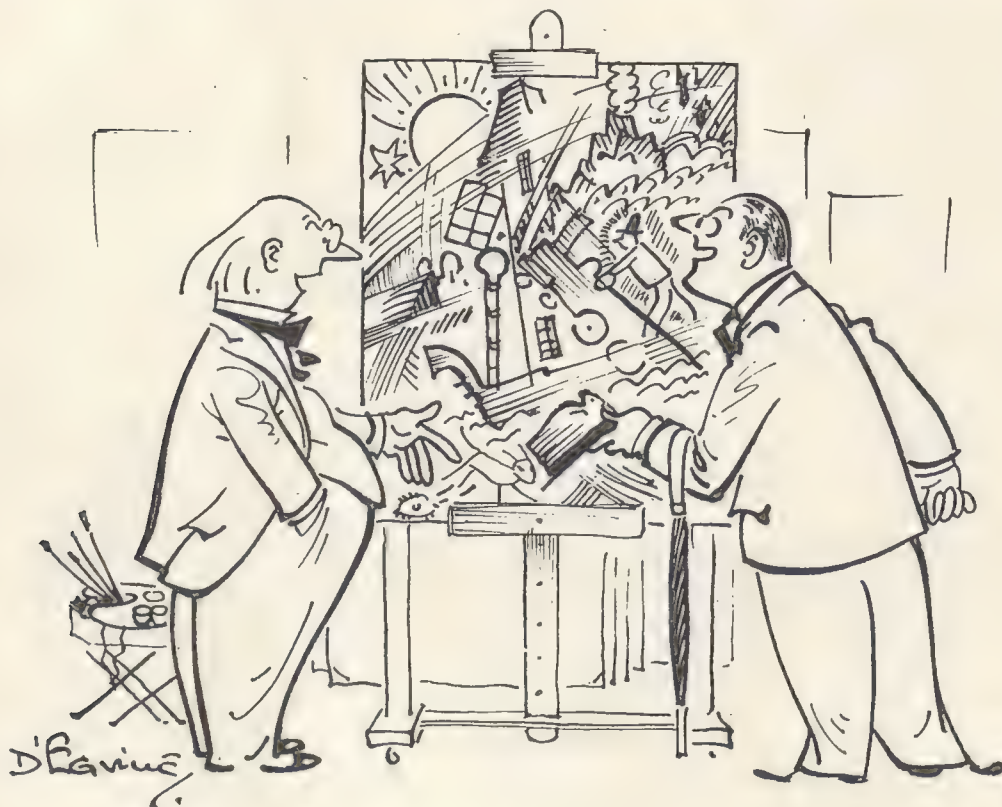
Exam.: What's his dossier?

[Here the Civil Servant produces a dossier and the secret policeman a file, which the Examiner proceeds to look through.]

Exam.: Good God.

This may intimate that the parents have been warned or punished for protesting against State Call-Up No. 178 (Children Under 3), communal infant-feeding, compulsory elementary Neo-Marxism, State sterilisation of surplus children, compulsory Joadist lectures, or what not; or they may have defaced some Government poster in their drawing-room, or interfered with one of the 19,876,876,443 officials of the Home Organisation Bureau. That is, their offspring is obviously unfit even for Cambridge. That is, if there 'll be any offspring.

(Concluded on page 174)



"Naples, is it? By jove, the R.A.F. have done their stuff"



## Receiving Awards



*S/Ldr. W. W. Blessing, R.A.A.F., of New South Wales, seen at the investiture with his fiancée, Miss Audrey Birch, received the D.S.O. for a successful daylight attack on the Zeiss Works at Jena*



*G/Capt. Percy C. Pickard, accompanied by his wife, received a second Bar to his D.S.O. He led the aircraft carrying British paratroops over their target in the Bruneval raid in February*



*Major-Gen. Hugh Tennent MacMullen, M.C., attended the investiture to receive the C.B. Mrs. MacMullen and his son and daughter are seen leaving the Palace with him afterwards*



*F/O. A. E. O. Barras, has the distinction of being the only member of the R.A.A.F. to receive the Military Medal. He is a well-known cricketer, and played for the R.A.A.F. against Sir Pelham Warner's XI. at Lords recently*



*Air/Cdre. A. C. Critchley, Director-General of British Overseas Airways Corporation, was awarded the C.B.E. (Military Division). With him at the Investiture was his wife, the former British Golf Champion, Diana Fishwick*



*Col. Victor Turner, Rifle Brigade, was accompanied by his mother and sister. He was awarded the V.C. for conspicuous gallantry, when his battalion repulsed an attack by German tanks in the Western Desert in October 1942*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

APPARENTLY a couple of B.B.C. announcers have been dropped, raising once more a fascinating question. Which has the more terrific temptations, a B.B.C. announcer under notice or a chap in the Legal Dept. of a big daily newspaper in the same position? We can't make up our mind.

A radio announcer on the eve of the sack could certainly make the Race's hair curl with one stentorian parting surprise-shot at the mike. On the other hand, any one of the legal experts whom every paper keeps to dodge the monstrous terrors of the British laws of libel (or the Crooks' Magna Carta) by going through all the proofs nightly with magnifying-glass and toothcomb could instigate really sensational trouble by letting a Class I. stinker through. Maybe it's for this reason that newspaper lawyers are greatly cherished and flattered and never fired. Their dread lords know full well that a nice little £20,000 suit, with proportionate costs, might easily follow ill-treatment.

We don't believe personally that any lawyer on earth has a complete working grasp of the Libel Laws, which are full of sweet tricky subtleties and favour crookery to an enormous extent. Professional critics complain also that they kill all real criticism, but we doubt if the sorrows of the critic boys will ever keep

you awake, you big drowsy eupeptic things.

## Matey

PONDERING at a recent concert over that graceful habit big-hearted divas have of dragging their shrinking accompanist into the spotlight and shaking hands with him firmly, we thought of charming, petite Lily Pons, whom we once saw at Queen's Hall shaking hands with an accompanist and a flautist (a flautist!) after every song.

It would be only logical, we thought, if some massive queen of song, after shaking hands with the entire orchestra and the conductor, sent for the box-office manager and shook hands with him as well (though a nervous box-office manager taken unawares might conceivably square up, thinking the big girl wanted a fight, as well she might sometimes, considering the state of the kitty). And if she finally got Mr. Keith or Mr. Prowse to trot on the platform as well and receive an accolade, as thousands cheer, that would be ensuring still more what the critic boys approvingly call "intimate terms" between performer and audience.

At Sadler's Wells the right note of intimacy would be struck if some prima ballerina paused halfway through, say, *Les Sylphides* and soaked her poor old tired dogs in a warm bath down by the footlights. For all we know this happens constantly. A brilliant new piece of montage, the average ballet audience would take it for.

## Contretemps

DOWN in the Hick Belt we're mumbling slightly over a recent announcement that protein feeding-stuffs for livestock will be more restricted next winter, though there will be more cereals. What we're thinking of is the increasing number of cows who write for the highbrow weeklies and therefore need a lot of protein.

This is a recent development in cow-life, and began with an Alderney in Surrey who got a touching little poem into the *Spectator*, which isn't difficult, maybe, but just shows how cows are horning into the liberal professions. Then there was that Sussex short-horn some time ago who sniffed at the playing of a string quartet sent round the farms by the Min. of Agriculture



"I'm pretending I've found a piece of rope—but actually, I've lost a horse"

to increase milk-production, and said its tone was far too rough. This remark annoyed the leader of the quartet and an acid conversation with the cow ensued:

"You seem to be quite a critic!"

"I am a critic, you fool. Did you see my *New Statesman* article last week on Wolf in his late productive period?"

"Was that yours?"

"You bet it was, and a damned good article too."

The farmer, on being complained to, said he was danged if he'd interfere, and ultimately got a pitchfork. Only an imbecile argues with cows who write.

## Mogul

AFTER long research, we find the most ringing remark made by the ex-Duce was one made early in 1940 (we took note of it at the time because we like to have a collection of things the big boys say for grey days, when there's not much to laugh at). From the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia the ex-Duce cried: "We must sleep with our heads on our knapsacks!"

This charmed us particularly because it was practically an echo of a little song Wordsworth's Lucy used to sing to Wordsworth:

I must sleep with my head in a nosebag,

For nosebags remind me of you;

Please pardon my sauce

If I say this, Old Horse,

For untruthfulness girls should eschew (etc., etc.).

The ex-Duce was the first incidentally to exploit to the full that powerful psychological idea of making visitors advance alone and unsupported across miles of polished marble floor to where he stood in majesty behind a huge desk at the extreme end. This procedure, which cows the most uppish, is now a commonplace in big business circles, and so far nobody has turned the tables on financial dictators by covering the space, in a flash on rollerskates, which would shake their pomp and circumstance considerably.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Munitions? But, darling, I'd rather have a baby or something"



## Welcome Back, Sally!

Sally Gray Returns to West End Stage  
After Many Months of Ill Health



*Off-Stage, Sally Enjoys Conversation and a Good Smoke*

There will be a real welcome awaiting Sally Gray when she comes back to the London footlights at the Savoy on September 22nd. She is to appear in the name-part of *My Sister Eileen*, another American comedy which is being brought over here by Mr. Firth Shephard after a Broadway run covering two years. The play has already been seen as a film in this country, and the parts played by Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair on the screen will be taken by Coral Browne and Sally Gray in the theatre. For months Sally has been in a nursing home recovering from a serious breakdown. Her last appearance on the London stage was in *Lady Behave* at His Majesty's, in which she played a leading part opposite the late Stanley Lupino

*Photographs by  
Anthony*





## Mothers and Children

Photographed in the Lovely  
Gardens of Country Homes



**Lady Pigott-Brown and William Brian**

Lady Pigott-Brown is the widow of Capt. Sir John Pigott-Brown, who was killed in action on Christmas Day, 1942. Their son William was born in January 1941. Lady Pigott-Brown is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Egerton Cotton, and when this picture was taken she was staying with her son at their home, Priestlands, Tarporley, Cheshire. She is working for the Admiralty as a driver in the Royal Naval Voluntary Transport



**Lady Ida Johnson**

Lady Ida Johnson was the daughter of Dalhousie, at Breck. This photograph of her and her brother is the wife of Brig. Gen. J. is a prisoner of war. Breck. is the seats of Lady Ida's brother.





#### and Her Two Children

g with her mother, the Countess  
Castle, Scotland, when this  
two children was taken. She  
Johnson, Scots Guards, who is  
astle is one of the three Scottish  
the present Earl of Dalhousie



#### Lady Rowallan with Fiona and Bobbie

Lord and Lady Rowallan's sixth child and only daughter, the Hon. Fiona Corbett, was born last year. She is seen sitting on her mother's knee and attended by her youngest brother, the Hon. Robert Cameron Corbett, who is now three. Lord and Lady Rowallan have five sons. The two eldest, Arthur and Thomas, are in the Army. Before her marriage in 1913, Lady Rowallan was Miss Gwyn Mervyn, daughter of Mr. J. B. Grimond, of Abbotsford Crescent, St. Andrews



# Tackling Transport Technicalities

Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport,  
with Two of His Secretaries



*For some time past many discussions between Lord Leathers and Mr. P. J. Noel-Baker, M.P., his Parliamentary Private Secretary, have centred round the Mediterranean*



*A model of an American locomotive has been presented to Lord Leathers by Mr. Averell Harriman, President Roosevelt's special representative on Lease-Lend matters*



*Mr. F. H. Keenlyside is the Minister's Principal Private Secretary. His confidential reports call for the Minister's most serious consideration*

As Minister of War Transport, Lord Leathers is responsible for the smooth working of one of the most vital departments of war organisation. Inland Transport, Railways, Road Transport, Canals, Coal, Vehicle Acquisition, Allocation of Tonnage, Coasting and Short Sea Shipping are but a few of the many divisions directly under his control. The efficient organisation of big troop movements is one of his special responsibilities, and he accompanied Mr. Churchill on his most recent visit to the United States to discuss with experts in Washington the joint shipping resources of the Allied countries for this purpose. Lord Leathers was previously a member of the Ministry of Shipping which, in 1941, was amalgamated with the Ministry of War Transport. He is regarded as one of our greatest living experts on coal, shipping and cement. He entered commercial life at the age of fifteen and has had one of the most successful business careers of all time.



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Charybdis

IN the days of the Son of Ithaca the Fair this little whirlpool could, and did, play the cat and banjo with the battleships of the period, and was capable of not only making the Triremes turn about on their haunches, but of sucking them bodily into the bowels of the Nether World. Nowadays it could not put an M.T.B. or even an E-boat, to say nothing of a Mountbatten Battle-Wagon, half a point off its course. But Charybdis is still there, as a whole lot of chaps in the Senior Service, and some more in the Eighth Army, are nowadays, and probably at this very moment, seeing for themselves. The companion danger, Scylla, is also on the premises, but possibly there are no Sirens anywhere around and about yowling that Sea Chanty: "What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?" as there were when the virtuous Ulysses lashed himself to the mainmast and stuffed up the ears of all his crew (including his yeoman of signals) with wax, so that they should not succumb to the blandishments of those most unprincipled chorus girls. I opine that the First Tank Corps officer in history (Ulysses invented the now much-improved tank, the Wooden Horse of Troy) knew quite well what sailors are after they have had more than a fair dose of the loud-resounding sea, and he also knew what he would get from Penelope if ever she got wind of his playing about with these Sea Tigresses. Of course, he was a very-much-married man, but, after all, Sirens, especially in such romantic surroundings, are Sirens, and quite as dangerous as ladies with pink-tipped fingers who live beside the Shalimar, that Enchanted Garden in Kashmir. I have never met a Sicilian Siren, but . . . !

## High Old Times

MESSĀNA, to give a now very prominent seaside resort its ancient and more accurate name, has been the scene of some extremely

unseemly brawls from the times of the alleged original owners, the Chalcidians, to those of the First Punic war. At that moment the subsequent tenants, the Mamertini, called in the aid of Rome to evict those children of the Gettabitto, the Carthaginians, whom they had some little time previously invited to come over from Africa to save them from being wiped out by King Hieron of Syracuse. The Carthaginians were only too pleased to oblige, but when they had knocked out Hieron, they found that they liked Messina so much that they told the owners to go to blazes, and that they had decided to take it over. It was this incident which caused the first Great War of those times, the blood row between Rome and Carthage. How topical it all sounds! I do not believe that any guide-book mentions any of these facts, so the Eighth Army may be glad of them.

## Crooked Straits

AS many thousands, possibly millions, of voyagers know, the little water-gate at Messina is very crooked, and very narrow. The port itself used to be called Zancle (a sickle), because of its shape, and when you passed through the straits in your P. and O. it looked as if you could throw a biscuit at the highly-flavoured inhabitants working on either the Sicilian or the mainland sides. Those very dirty little Rubattino boats which took you to Genoa went even closer in to the shore, right under ever-smoking Etna (principal munitions factory of the old firm Zeus Inc.). It may have been imagination, but I am almost certain that I got a whiff of the garlic, which seems to be the staple food of a people who already compelled you to think of a dead buzzard when you were unlucky enough to be down wind of them. Going round the heel of Ceylon, when the wind is off-shore, you get the scent of the cinnamon and sandal wood—naturally rather different, so why not the garlic? The inhabitants of the Land of Romulus and Remus may be all that



Victor Hey

## A Rugby Player in the R.N.V.R.

Above is Sub-Lt. R. M. Marshall, R.N.V.R., of Scarborough, with Mrs. Marshall. He is the well-known Rugby International and Oxford Blue, and has often played for England, Yorkshire and Scarborough Rugby team before joining the R.N.V.R.



D. R. Stuart

## An R.A.F. Cricketer and His Wife

P/O. R. E. S. Wyatt, seen with his wife, has captained the R.A.F. cricket XI. in all their matches this season. Before the war he played cricket for England and Warwickshire. Mrs. Wyatt takes a keen interest in the game

those who like them claim that they are, but, for me, they beat the Kashmiris for smellsomeness and just about dead-heat with the Tibetans, who must surely be the dirtiest people in the world. I have yet to meet an Esquimaux, so perhaps I may be wrong.

## Unlucky Horse-Dealers

IT was long after the Punic Wars that the Carthaginians (Phœnicians) had their most harrowing failure in this always rather tricky trade. As is well known to almost everyone, these industrious sailors and box-wallahs from the Levant were always out to get to wind'ard of anyone they could, and it is believed by some that Hiram did even King Solomon down over the cedar contracts for the Temple. Be this as it may, these Phœnician gentlemen, having acquired a large assortment of Eastern horses (Barbs and Arabs), thought it might be a good stroke to sail to the Shetlands and unload them at a big profit on the locals, who, they were told, were three parts savage and the other part ape. How silly it is to believe all that you are told! Those horse-dealers left that northern isle minus all their horses, minus all their money, and some do say with not even their under-clothing and sock-suspenders. They had no

(Concluded on page 180)



## Tennis Players from Overseas

D. R. Stuart

Two well-known tennis players, over here with their units, are Capt. R. R. Murray, of the Canadian Davis Cup team, and Dr. Ellesworth Davenport, who is a ranked player from New York. They play in exhibition matches whenever their duties allow. Sitting between them is Lt. Joyce O'Connor, who is engaged to Dr. Davenport



# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

better luck in Perthshire. In the pretty little "Sheltie" and in some of the grand little steeds which bring home the slain Monarch of the Glen in Perthshire, you can easily trace the Eastern blood in their beautiful heads, necks and shoulders, and their quite super bone, especially, I think, in the Highlanders. How the "Sheltie" came to shrink so much I cannot say, but the Highlanders have not. They run to about 14'3, I should say, speaking from memory, and are as full of substance as they are of quality.

## Horse-Dealing, Hints Concerning—

ALTHOUGH at the moment it would seem that the larger part of the world is more concerned with one kind of plug than with the other, it is absolutely certain that so soon as the present unseemly din is over, the lure to revert will become irresistible. En passant, it must be mentioned that the word "plug" is a synonym for "horse," in the same way that "skin" is. Even that great friend of Socrates and Aristotle, whose witty sallies set the whole Round Table of the Brains Trust on a roar, is an addict (on the sly, perhaps) to the horse, so generally condemned as a low-brow animal, and has publicly expressed his detestation of



Officers of an R.A.C. Training Regt. Somewhere in England A. J. Glover

Front row: Majors D. A. F. Harris, M.C., G. C. Bishop, F. D. H. Macdonald, E. W. Wilson, W. T. Pott, M.C., Lt.-Col. G. H. Phipps-Hornby, Majors H. Mc. Bramwell, A. H. M. Bell, M.C., Capt. R. M. Thompson, A. T. Smith-Bingham. Second row: Capt. N. Waldman, B. Exley, J. D. Bladon, J. E. Smith, M.C., E. A. S. Jones, Lt. J. D. Poole, Capt. J. N. Walford, Lt. G. W. Breitmeyer, Capt. J. H. Daly. Back row: Lts. C. C. Jarmin, H. Myers, L. Rogers, W. W. Bishop, W. W. Brown, T. W. Neville, J. W. J. Gage, 2nd Lt. E. B. Ware, Lt. G. G. S. Clarke



Forms at a Glance: by "The Tout"

Brig. "Chris" Peto took an afternoon off at the races the other day. "The Tout" failed to catch the friend's name, but did his best to catch the likeness! Major L. Petch is the lynx-eyed man who occupies the judge's box on the opposite side of the course to the stands at Newmarket. Fred Butters, who trained Midday Sun, the 1937 Derby winner, at Kingsclere, has since moved to Cadland House stables at Headquarters. One of his patrons is Lt.-Col. C. M. Davies, a newcomer to the ranks of owners, whose useful filly Solebay ran Dark Brocade to a head in June. In the capable hands of Douglas Smith, the King's undefeated filly Knight's Daughter registered her third success when giving lumps of weight to Sinbad and others in the Balsham Stakes. S/Ldr. Stanhope Joel has called his latest 2700 guineas purchase Chamossaire. He will be trained by Dick Perryman next season

the Diesel engine. That horse-dealing is a fine art (as well as a great sport) has never been seriously denied, even by that ape "Pomponius Ego," who was, it may be recalled, very fond of the Apulian classic, and it demands the possession of certain cardinal qualities both by the Vendor and the Purchaser. These qualities may be roughly listed as: (1) Brains; (2) Finesse; (3) Poise; and (4) the Dramatic Sense. The Vendor has more need of (4) than the Purchaser: as, for instance, when asked "Does he pull?" or "Can he jump?" a moment of tense silence, accompanied by a pained, and even pathetic, look in the eyes, is of far greater value than a retort such as: "Not if you don't ruddy well start pullin' at 'im!" or "Trot 'im up to that gate, throw the bridle at 'im and then see for yourself!" The dramatic pause is far more eloquent.

## Three Kinds of Plug

HORSES in which people deal may be fairly divided into three categories: (a) those which jump too high; (b) those which jump too low; and (c) those which refuse to jump at all. All have their uses, excepting (b), unless you suffer from homicidal or suicidal mania. When the rider of Horse (b) comes round, he will usually retain a subconscious recollection of having been told by either the owner or the trainer, or both: "Ride 'im bold, and jolly 'im a bit at the Ditch!" but it will never add up to sufficient warrant for calling in the police. Horse (a), of course, is the kind of animal you dream about. He is only awkward when there is an overhanging bough, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be out of range of the rider's hat. There is another thing to remember about this plug; namely, that the higher he goes the more purchase you need. Lastly, as to Horse (c). At first sight he may seem to be totally useless; but this is very wide of the fact. A good 50 per cent. of the "huntmen" included in the field, even in a crack country, do not want to jump, but at the same time desire to convey the impression that "the bigger they are, the better, old boy!" Don't be caught by these coves, and never get behind them. Their safest obstacle is a new stake and laid (Warwickshire variety, which may bend but will not break), or some new ash rails (Fernie pattern). The only thing dangerous to the rider of Horse (c) is water; that is to say, a brook of the Braunston type. When the animal puts on the brakes it will take the rider all his time to avoid making a nose-dive and landing ungracefully all amongst the voles, or water-rats, newts, efts and sticklebacks, those fish called by some anglers "tiddlers." With this slight exception Horse (c) is a most useful animal—in his proper place. Yet in spite of all these manifest virtues, he is often as difficult to sell as Horse (b).



# On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

## Engineer Officers at an R.N. Air Station

Back row, 1. to r.: Sub-Lt. L. A. Telf, R.N.V.R., Mr. S. G. Taylor (Warrant Aircraft Officer, R.N.), Mr. L. H. Weston (Warrant Aircraft Officer, R.N.). Middle row: Midshipman K. McKenna, R.N.V.R., Mr. L. A. V. Lawrence (Warrant Electrician, R.N.), Mr. G. Sansome (Warrant Electrician, D.S.M., R.N.), Sub-Lt. (A.) J. Williamson, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (E.) L. W. Crick, R.N.V.R., Mr. G. A. Ausden (Warrant Aircraft Officer, R.N.). Front row: Lt. (A.) C. F. Paget, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A.) G. A. G. Morris, R.N.V.R., Lt. (E.) J. Hutton, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (E.) C. F. Kemp, R.N., Lt. (E.) G. P. Blake, R.N., Lt. (A.) T. A. H. Lancashire, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (A.) C. S. Roby, R.N.V.R.



## Officers of an R.A.F. Station

Front row: G/Capt. W. J. Grindell, A.F.C., G/Capt. (now Air/Cdre.) J. N. H. Whitworth, D.S.O., D.F.C., G/Capt. L. C. Slee, D.S.O. Back row: W/Cdr. G. P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, W/Cdr. F. C. Hopcroft, D.F.C., W/Cdr. P. W. Johnson, A.F.C., W/Cdr. J. D. Nettleton, V.C.



## Officers of an R.N. Training Centre

Front row: Pay-Lt. Ogburn, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. Charnock, R.N., Cdr. Hayward, R.N.R., Capt. Garrett, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. Cavan, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. Fawcett, R.N.R., Lt. Stone, R.N.R. Back row: Lt. Woolway, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Sparksman, R.N.V.R., Lt. Edwards, R.N.R., 3rd/O. Ward, W.R.N.S., Lt. Flynn, R.M., Lt. Pickstock, R.N.V.R., Lt. Timmins, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Edwards, R.N.V.R., Lt. Rigby, R.N.V.R.



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of an R.N. Coastal Base

Front row: Lt. E. Tickell, R.N., 2nd/O. N. Allan, W.R.N.S., Lt.-Cdr. O. C. H. Giddy, D.S.C., R.N., Cdr. T. Kerr, R.N., Rear-Admiral H. H. Rogers, M.V.O., O.B.E., Pay-Cdr. C. J. Green, R.D., R.N.R., Lt.-Cdr. (E.) F. K. Keer, R.N., Lt. E. Leigh, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. T. D. Pilcher, R.N.V.R., Lt. J. Wood, R.N.V.R. Middle row: 3rd/O. J. Scobie, W.R.N.S., 3rd/O. S. M. Wethered, W.R.N.S., Lt. G. F. Dennis-Higgs, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (E.) D. L. Pickard, R.N.V.R., Lt. J. B. Irving, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. G. R. C. Rayner, R.N.V.R., Pay-Lt. R. H. Coulson, R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. P. J. K. Skipwith, W.R.N.S., 3rd/O. N. Wetherall, W.R.N.S. Back row: Lt. E. L. Hancock, R.N.V.R., Lt. J. E. Taylor, R.N.V.R., Pay-Lt. A. R. M. Wontham, R.N.R., Lt. R. G. Main, R.N.R., Chaplain A. Bird, R.N.V.R.

Front row: Major-Gen. D. C. Bullen-Smith, M.C., Major C. J. Ballantyne, Major-Gen. Sir E. N. Broadbent, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., P.S.O., a Lt.-Col. H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester, C.I., G.B.E., Major C. W. P. Richardson, The Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury, P.C., G.C.V.O., T.D., Major W. E. J. Waters, Brig. H. D. K. Money, D.S.O. Second row: Capt. R. H. McDonald, Rev. J. Dale, C.F., N. C. Kollo, J. B. B. Bromilow, J. W. Ogilvie, J. Elliot, W. D. Rutherford, A. H. Elder, A. S. Oakley, Lt. J. D. Johnson, R.A.M.C., Major A. E. S. Jackson. Third row: 2nd Lt. J. T. Lawson, Lt. I. H. Johnston, R. M. Woolcombe, G. I. Young, W. Macnab, J. Murray, R. C. F. Witherby, E. K. Dipple, Capt. C. V. Doyle-Ditmas, Lt. D. G. Tweedie. Fourth row: Lt. A. G. Twogood, 2nd Lt. K. G. Buy, Lt. J. Malone, 2nd Lt. H. N. F. Sandford, Lt. G. W. R. Alvey, 2nd Lt. C. W. Parnley, Capt. J. R. P. Baggaley, 2nd Lt. H. B. Cuthbertson, 2nd Lt. J. R. Vivers



## Officers of a Battalion of the K.O.S.B.

S. L. Gorer



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## May 14th

SOMEWHERE inside the British there is a latent power, a phenomenal quality one can only call genius. It is genius of a romantic kind, that expresses itself in all forms of improvisation. There is something, one might respectfully say, comic—at any rate, something essentially contradictory—about a race that professes to love order and to detest the extraordinary, yet which is at its best in a situation not to be found in any book of the rules, and which rises to its full height, with a sort of curious joy, when it meets the preposterous face to face. Looking back, one might find this element of the preposterous in much of English history—at any rate, in the story of England's wars.

Mr. Charles Graves, whose *The Home Guard of Britain* (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.) celebrates the third birthday of the Home Guard, is probably right in saying of this force that it is "the most fantastic force ever raised." It sprang into eager, though yet undefined, existence, literally overnight. Mr. Eden's broadcast, of the evening of May 14th, 1940, was the response to a wish, the formulation of an idea, that had been swelling in many hearts. To the thousands of listening men all over Britain, above and below the accepted military age, no appeal to action was necessary; all that was wanted was permission and means to act. Chairs were pushed back, we know, and front doors of homes had slammed while the Secretary of State for War was still on the air: the half-grown sons, the fathers, even the grandfathers, were off to besiege the police stations, to give in their names. On through that night, on through the days that followed, the pressure of recruitment did not abate.

The coming to birth of the (then) L.D.V. had profound psychological effects in two countries. In Britain was felt, most of all, the relief that comes with release—the release of, and the explicit purpose given to, all this pent-up masculine energy. On Hitlerian Germany the effect, it would appear, was intimidating. There was a nervous wildness (and a flattering wildness) in the Nazi reflex—the immediately broadcast threats against *francs-tireurs*, i.e., ununiformed British who should defend their homes.

## The Musket and the Pike

UNIFORMED this new-born citizen army was, unavoidably, for many months to remain. And, still more striking feature in any army, it was to remain, still longer, virtually unarmed. Rifles, for "drill purposes," began to come slowly through. On patrols, and in hopes of some immediate encounter, the boys too young for this war and the veterans of the last carried what they could find. The museum-piece, the Napoleonic and pre-Napoleonic heirloom was not disdained. The musket came down from its hooks over the

mantel; the flintlock pistol was oiled. Firearms dating from pioneer days came in as welcome gifts from America. The rook rifle and the shotgun were eagerly seized upon. Crowbars were carried. Nothing that could either look like or act as a weapon was left aside.

In the initial organisation of the Home Guard, the British amateur worked with a sureness and swiftness to which his professional brother seldom seems to attain. In every part of the country local organisation was left to local effort—which, to understate the matter, did not fail. The existence of the fighting spirit was evident; at first this had to be given a rough-and-ready form. The genius of which I have spoken—genius for improvisation—came into full play in those 1940 months.

## Form and Spirit

To develop and regularise the form, to adapt it, year by year, to the changing needs of the country, the changing war situation and the changing demands upon man-power, without sacrificing that first spirit of 1940, has been one main problem in the direction of the Home Guard. Would conscription (dating from February 16th, 1941) mean a loss of the voluntary element, the good will? Initiative had to give place to discipline; the exaction from the Home Guard of a proficiency not less, in its own line, than that of any regular Service became necessary.

The L.D.V. [Mr. Graves very aptly says] were intended for a 100-yard sprint—against invasion which was expected within a fortnight during the summer of 1940. Many people fail to realise that



Marcus Adams

## Sylvia Thompson and Her Daughter

Sylvia Thompson, author of "The Hounds of Spring," is in private life Mrs. Luling, the wife of Major Peter Luling. Her latest book, "The Children Planted Cabbages," was published in June. The Lulings have three daughters, Rosemary, Elizabeth and the baby, Virginia Rose, who is seen with her mother above.

the sprint has developed into a five-mile race, and therefore the same speed cannot be maintained.

With the easing of material difficulties, psychological difficulties did, one gathers, crop up. The manner in which these have been met, faced and surmounted should be enough to show that the Home Guard spirit has lost

nothing with the hardening of its form. In 1943, as in 1940, camaraderie and enthusiasm prevail. Mr. Graves gives us the Home Guard's three-year history very clearly and ably. We have here, in full, those Parliamentary debates that have punctuated the development of the movement, that have helped to define, to announce and consolidate the position in England's war-plan, of the Home Guard. By his full and useful documentation he lets us study the different rings of growth by which the adventurous sapling of three years ago became the stalwart oak of to-day. Practical matters, such as equipment issues (we are far, now, from that first doubtful issue of pikes), have been dealt with with the conciseness that they deserve.

Better still, Mr. Graves appends to his own account of the Home Guard the Home Guard's account of itself. On his undertaking to write this book he was given facilities by the War Office to secure accurate information from every Zone and Battalion Commander of the Home Guard in Great Britain. Several hundred reports from Unit Commanders, received in response to his circular letter and questionnaire, are incorporated in the book. Need I say that

(Concluded on page 184)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

HIS fourteen days' leave—the first for over a year—had

come to an end. She was seeing him off at the station and finding the utmost difficulty in restraining her tears. Nevertheless, as she turned away at last, there was in her heart something strangely like relief, as if a weight had been lifted from her spirits—as if, after fourteen days of going here and there, seeing people, doing things, she were returning to peace and to herself. For two weeks she had given herself up to him completely—joyfully. She had talked the talk which kept him amused; she had listened to all the radio programmes which he loved—dance bands, Itma, crooners—they had been to a race meeting, the cinema several times, two revues, to a restaurant most evenings and for a final drink every night. She had, in fact, thrown herself into his life heart and soul. Nevertheless, now that it was all over, she could not suppress a feeling of relief, almost of gladness. They had been parted so long, and in that separation she had grown to be more herself, to cultivate her own more serious interests, to become wrapped-up in her war job and to indulge her own personal tastes through the excellent salary she now earned.

Vaguely the thought struck her—could she ever go back to the old life again? Could she become purely domesticated? Could she cease to share her own inner enthusiasms and be resigned to the fact that they only really met in her lighter, more frivolous moods, and in their physical attraction, one for the other,

By Richard King

which she knew (even towards the end of his fourteen days' leave her heart had told her so) could not last? If this could not last, what was to become of their happiness, of their future life together when friendship must take the place of passion?

Even his short leave had shown her they had grown apart. She could only simulate interest in his regimental gossip; he was frankly bored by her work and the new friends which she had made. It appeared, indeed, as if he resented her independence. Their minds had lost touch. Perhaps that was inevitable, because their minds had never really come into deathless contact. It had not been noticeable during the early days of their married life, but now that separation through war had given them a breathing-space they had been able to look at each other as individuals, not as lovers. Another long absence might possibly make them strangers. She turned away from the thought as one terrified. She did not realise that hers was the sub-conscious problem facing thousands of married couples at the present time. The end of the war will state it rather than solve it. The readjustment towards peace together, even ignoring happiness, will demand a mental and spiritual effort which each will steadfastly have to face if married life is to come through its present trials unscathed. Unless two people share most of their mental and spiritual enthusiasms, to be away from each other too long is to grow apart, and to grow apart is to grow inwardly hostile.



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Symondson — Rawlins**

Mr. L. G. Symondson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Symondson, of St. David's, Farnborough, Kent, married Amy Rawlins, widow of Major R. M. Rawlins, and younger daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Nicholson, of Southill, Durham, at Farnborough, Kent



**Boulton — Stevens**

Mr. David Robert Boulton, of New College, Oxford, and Minister-in-Thanet, married Nancy Patricia Stevens, of Birchington, Thanet, at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington



**Kirkham — Hawkey**

Mr. Raymond Kirkham, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kirkham, of Parwich Lees, Derbyshire, married Margaret Hawkey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hawkey, of Long Wittenham, Berkshire, at the Chapel of University College, Oxford



**Ready — Bevan**

Major John Basil Ready, The Royal Berkshire Regt., eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. T. Ready, of Hawkhurst, Kent, married Joy Bevan, only child of Major and Mrs. W. H. Bevan, of 3, Ovington Court, London, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



**Mackenzie — Malyon**

Mr. W. J. Mackenzie, only son of the late L. M. Mackenzie, and of Mrs. Mackenzie, of 12, Frogston Road, West Edinburgh, married Pamela Muriel Malyon, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Malyon, of 2, Weymouth Street, London, at St. Paul's Church, Portman Square



**Coppin — Alexander**

Lt. (E.) David Coppin, R.N., only son of Cdr. and Mrs. F. B. Coppin, of South Hayes, Merrow, Guildford, married Daphne Alexander, only child of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. G. Alexander, of Aberdeen, at St. Joseph's Church, Guildford



**Gellie — Holman**

Lt. Geoffrey James Gellie, R.A.N.V.R., only son of Mr. J. Gellie and Mrs. Gellie, of Geelong, Victoria, married Patricia Holman, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Holman, of Roswarne, Camborne, Cornwall, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge



**Stansfeld — Chaundler**

Capt. James Maryons Stansfeld, R.A.M.C., only son of Dr. Rex Stansfeld, of Hailsham, Sussex, married Lucy Chaundler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Chaundler, of The White House, Wisborough Green, Sussex, at the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, Wisborough Green



**Tackaberry — Huxley**

Capt. R. B. Tackaberry, Royal Canadian Dragoons, only son of Air-Cdre. and Mrs. Tackaberry, of Ottawa, Canada, married Lesley Huxley, only child of F/Lt. and Mrs. J. H. Huxley, of West House, Addison Crescent, Kensington, at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 169)

without a hat in London. Lady Tichborne, to whom fell the task of distributing the famous Tichborne Dole this year, as her husband, Sir Anthony Tichborne, is still serving overseas, was having a few minutes' respite from what one is inclined to regard as the unequal contest of shopping, and was sitting with a friend in the bank at Harrods; Miss Evelyn and Miss Winifred Rennie, formerly racing regulars, now respectively in the A.T.S. and the Censorship Office, were also trying their luck there; Mrs. Martin Benson, whose husband owns that good horse, Careless Talk, a winner at the last Newmarket meeting, was walking down Dover Street, and in Piccadilly I found Sir Keith Fraser buying himself a carnation for his buttonhole. Also in Piccadilly I met Capt. Douglas Blew-Jones, whose only daughter, Miss Belinda Blew-Jones, married Viscount Lambton last year. Capt. Blew-Jones owes probably his life, and certainly his narrow escape from several years of captivity, to his own enterprise, as, having gone to the assistance of the Finns, he found himself stranded in Finland when she gave up the struggle. Nothing daunted, he set out to walk to Cairo, and eventually arrived there about six months later.

Among those who found journeys really necessary during the past week or so—and surely no one travels these days unless it is really necessary—were Lady Dalrymple Champneys, carrying a lovely bunch of garden flowers picked in the country; Lady Marling, hatless and looking wonderfully tanned; and Mrs. Robert Laycock, who had been up in Sledmere staying with Sir Richard and Lady Sykes. Mrs. Laycock was wearing her W.V.S. skirt and cardigan and carrying the popular basket; she was escorted by a very well-behaved Sealyham.

## Visitors from Over There

LISTENING attentively in the Gallery of the House of Commons to the recent debate on agriculture was a red-headed, attractive, dynamic American W.A.A.C.—Mrs. "Betty" Sturges Finan, a first cousin of Viscount Hinchinbrooke, M.P. for South Dorset, Lord Sandwich's heir, and a niece of Lord Margesson.

Mrs. Finan spent four months in Britain last year after a long trip in a cargo boat. She was staying with Lord Beaverbrook when his house was bombed. On her return to the United States she was engaged by the War Manpower Commission as a lecturer, and has been speaking for them on "How the British Women Fight Total War." When she was here she visited war plants, nurseries and bombed cities, and she has spoken about what she saw in factory yards to night shifts, in city halls and women's clubs all over America. Now she has been loaned for a short time to the W.A.A.C.'s to get information to take home. She crossed with the large contingent which arrived recently, sharing a cabin with five other girls. A prominent social figure in New York before the war, and well known also in London and Chicago, Mrs. Finan is a good example of how American society women are, like their British sisters, buckling down to real hard war-work.

Another well-known member of the British Colony in Washington over here just now is Mr. John S. Dumeresque, who flew over with Col. Ralston, the Canadian Defence Minister, and is staying here for a brief ten days or so attending conferences before flying back again. Mr. Dumeresque is on the staff of the Hon. David Bowes Lyon, the Queen's brother.



Poole, Dublin

## The President of Ireland's Reception

Left: Miss L. Overend, Mrs. Hackett and the Duchess of St. Albans were three of the guests. The occasion was the presentation of the President's Trophy to the Premier Red Cross County; this year it was Co. Cork



Right: Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of Ireland, greeted Mrs. William Teeling, Chairman of the Lucan Branch of the Irish Red Cross, at the reception he gave at the Presidential House, in Phoenix Park, Dublin

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

these reports—which vary in length, in character and in freedom of style—make fascinating reading? That the future social historian of this country in this war will be glad to draw on them freely I do not doubt.

## The Home Guard in the Home

VERY few British households have remained untouched by the activities of the Home Guard. Consequently, I should call this a book for women just as much as for men. A good many women have played not unuseful parts; a good many wives are mentioned in the Home Guard annals. I myself was delighted to find my old friend, the wheelbarrow, immortalised on page 188. It was I who opened the door to this vehicle, which, in the flame-reddened, bomb-rent London darkness of May 10-11th, 1941, looked about the size of an ordinary motor-bus; and it was cheek-by-jowl with my Sheraton dining-table that it spent the remainder of that fantastic night. Yes, comedies and contrivances have been many: the stout Home Guard stands with one foot in the military, the other always in the domestic sphere. We have smiled already; and we shall smile at memories when, with the return of peace, the Home Guard lays down its arms.

## Eudora Welty

EUDORA WELTY, born in Jackson, Mississippi, has a talent no less remarkable than her name. In fact, the name is so very much of the kind that Miss Eudora Welty might herself have invented, that I was surprised when the Introduction vouched for its being the author's own. Having read *A Curtain of Green* (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), I salute with joy an almost demonic originality. This, a collection of short stories, is the young Mississippi American's first book. One story, "Petrified Man," has appeared over here in *Horizon*, and subsequently in the *Horizon Stories* (which I reviewed in these pages some weeks ago). Except for this, I imagine Miss Welty's work will come as entirely new to the English reader.

Like all collections, *A Curtain of Green* has its inequalities. But I shall be surprised if, with at least four or five of the stories, you do not feel: "Something is happening that has not happened before." And almost every page has a quality that reminds me of a hot-flavoured, powerful drink, iced cold. Brain-storms—some justified, others not—are, roughly, Miss Welty's subject; sometimes these are photographed from the outside, sometimes from the inside. When the photography is from the inside, the effect is so excruciatingly disturbing that one wonders if one is right in one's own head; when from the outside, the effect is devastatingly funny. "A Piece of News," "The Hitch-Hikers," "Flowers for Marjorie" and "A Curtain of Green" are examples of the first class; "Lily Daw and the Three Ladies," "Petrified Man" and "Why I Live at the P.O.," of the second. The last-named, with its semi-lunatic view of small-town family life, is one of the funniest stories that I have ever read.

On the other hand, I think it is arguable that "The Whistle," with its absolute moonlit starkness, its unspoken pity for all humanity (as typified by that pair of tomato-growers), is the finest, as well as the strangest, story in the collection. This is a study of the sublime patience of man, when climate wages against him relentless war. The frost-announcing whistle, to Jason and Sara Morton, sounds as fatefully as the siren that we know. No brain-storms here: reality is enough. . . . You may find it hard to "take" Eudora Welty: if you wince at the vulgar subject you will not like her at all. Her attitude to vulgarity is surgical. Like all Southern writers, most notably William Faulkner (whom she resembles in no other way), Miss Welty is a great painter of decay. Her stained-glass windows and musty draperies, rain crashing down outdoors, are unforgettable. In the long run, I find her totally innocent of facile youthful mockery of humanity's weaknesses. No, she does not mock at such things; she understands them—with an odd, ageless, pitiful smile.

## Think Twice

MESSRS. FABER AND FABER do well to publish (at 7s. 6d.) a new edition of H. B. Creswell's delightful *The Honeywood File*. I recommend this novel-in-letter-form to all who share my interest in both the technicalities and the drama of building a new house. If the technicalities bore you, and you do not feel the drama, you may perhaps find the action a little slow.

*The Honeywood File* purports (though, honestly, does not claim, to be correspondence from the file of a young architect, James Spinlove, anent the building of Honeywood House, in Kent, for naïve, *nouveau riche*, self-important Sir Leslie Brash. The builder Grigblay, his foreman Bloggs, the firm supplying the bricks, the sanitary engineers, and that satanic figure, the district surveyor Potch, all cross the scene—by letter. Lady Brash (Maude), with her complex fancies and fears, and the hilarious Miss Brash (known to her friends as Pud) contribute to the emotional ups and downs. James Spinlove, A.R.I.B.A., is in himself an interesting character-study. He has the right ideas, but the silliest impulses. As an architect his integrity is above reproach, but he writes letters so tactless that they freeze one's blood. *The Honeywood File* is a comedy with a moral: the moral appears to be "Think twice!" Think twice before you set out to build a house at all, and more times than that before writing a crucial letter!



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GALA FACIAL CREAM, 5/3 • GALA POWDER, 5/3



# *A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.*

There is much to please in the house frock from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, the fabricating medium having a certain amount of wool in its composition. The plaid corsage is inspired by the time-honoured shirt



Simple woolly frocks have their place in every well-planned wardrobe. The one above comes from Walpoles, New Bond Street, and is an artistic study in ice-blue and black



## ECONOMIES IN WARTIME

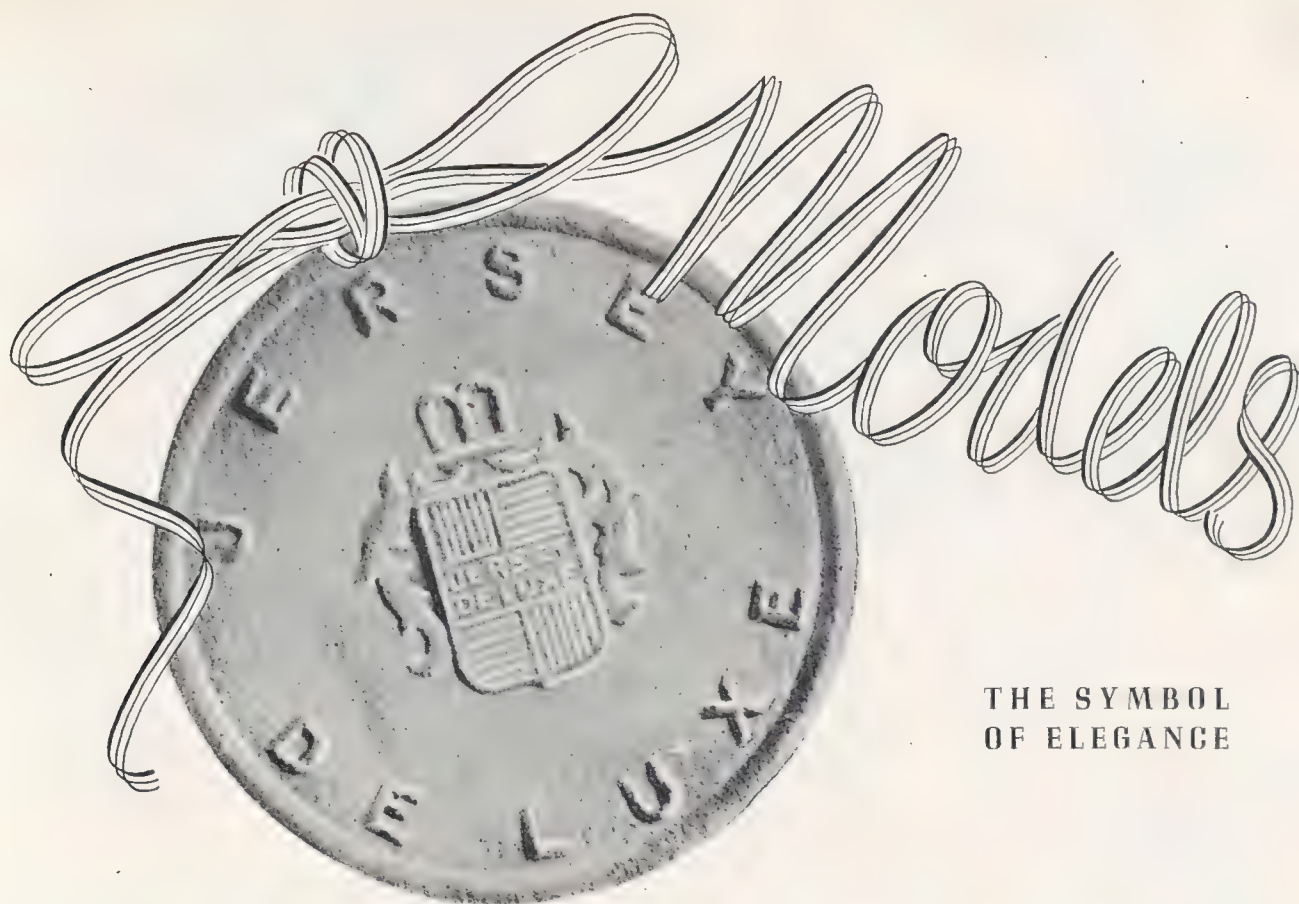


Simplicity is the salient feature of this semi-evening dress. It is a study in ice-blue and black and is available in other colour schemes. It comes from Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, where simple lines go hand in hand with charm



A light and warm wrap coat is always a desirable possession. It is from Liberty's, Regent Street, and is made of a material which is a member of the plush-lama family. Its length of life will be found well-nigh unending





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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THIS story was published in *The Lancet*:—

The best example of our national manners I have ever seen was displayed under my nose last Saturday. The carriage was full, the train had begun to move, when the door opened and in leapt three spirited Waafs. The largest made straight for the opposite door of the carriage and tried to open it. The train was now moving at 20 to 30 m.p.h., and the soldier sitting in the corner said with some (but not much) astonishment: "Do you want to open the door?"

"Yes," replied the Waaf in firm North Country accents, "Ah do."

Nobody said a word. We watched with keen but silent interest as the soldier drew back the stiff latch for her and pushed the door open.

"Oh," said the Waaf, unshaken. "I thought it were a corridor train. You can shut it up again."

Silently the soldier shut the door. "That was uncommonly obliging of you," I said to the soldier.

"Well," he answered, reasonably, "I thought perhaps she wanted to commit suicide."

THE parliamentary candidate had thundered through an impassioned address at his opening meeting.

"And," he shouted, "if a lie has passed my lips this evening may a thunderbolt from the skies fall on my head!"

As he spoke the platform collapsed in a cloud of dust, and the orator disappeared from view.

The audience sat spellbound. After a few tense moments the speaker emerged from the wreckage.

"Gosh!" exclaimed a voice from the rear of the hall, "it's missed him."

THE vicar called at a house one afternoon and while he was waiting for his hostess to appear he was entertained by her six-year-old son. After a time the visitor asked if the youngster always said his prayers every night.

"Yes," replied the child. "only mummy sometimes says them for me."

"Oh," protested the vicar, "but that isn't quite the same thing, you know. What does mummy say?"

"She often just says: 'Thank heaven you're in bed at last for another night!'"

SANDY received a letter from his friend Dougal, and the letter bore no stamp, so Sandy had to pay double postage. The concluding part of the letter said:—

"You will be glad to hear that I am enjoying the best of health, old man."

Sandy found a large stone, wrapped it up in brown paper and string and, without paying postage, sent it to Dougal with the following reply:—

"This great weight rolled off my mind when I heard the good news."

TWO rabbits were watching a long and busy assembly line on which thousands of tank parts were being made. They watched this for an hour. Then one of them turned to the other and said:—

"Don't think I'm jealous—but they must've started with more than two."



A CLASS of men at an OCTU camp were going through a general knowledge test.

"Now," said the instructor, "imagine you have a sergeant and fourteen men of the R.E. How would you set about erecting a sixty-foot pole blown down in a gale?"

The cadets got busy, drawing diagrams and making calculations, with one exception. He wrote a few words only, and then sat back comfortably. The instructor picked up his paper, interested to see how the question had been dealt with so briefly. On it was the brief comment:—

"Tell the sergeant to carry on."

TWO smartly dressed women and a soldier were in an elevator in Chicago. "My dear," said one woman to the other, "travel conditions are terrific. You make reservations on a train and at the last minute they're cancelled because the train is being used for troops."

"Yes," complained the other, "and planes! The army uses all the space."

"Ladies," the elevator operator stared at the two women, "you'll have to get off here. We're taking on a load of soldiers on the next floor."

When the door had closed he turned to the soldier. "Let 'em know we're in the war, too," he commented briefly.

DO YOUR BIT IN THE NATIONAL WAR EFFORT—SAVE PAPER AND GIVE IT TO SALVAGE!

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The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



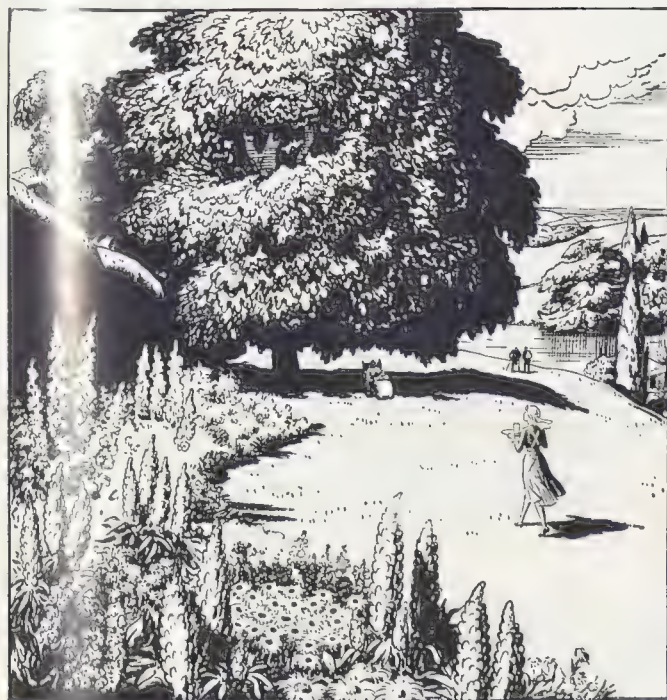


Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the meantime, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.

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for those who need it most

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Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to

miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Figs

FIGURES constitute the strength of much American publicity. When they tell the world that they are making 7,000 or 8,000 aircraft a month it is news; good news and important news. I do not believe that any adequate reason has ever been advanced for British reticence upon the same subject. If we were to reveal that we make 1,000 or 2,000 or 3,000 aircraft a month it might do good. I cannot see that it could do any harm. I am assuming that the enemy knows to within fifty how many aircraft we really do make every month.

President Roosevelt has taken to quoting not the numbers of machines, but the total weight. This is a more accurate measure of the output effort because it evens out the man-hours difference between fighters and bombers. But even the Americans, I think, are unduly reticent and I suppose it is better, when in doubt, to say nothing. But it does make it hard usefully to discuss the position of the British aircraft industry after the war when there is a ban upon stating what it can do during the war.

## Leaflets

AGAIN there was that astonishing secrecy about the air-distributed leaflets. It began at the earliest part of the war when somebody went and asked the appropriate ministry for a copy of the leaflets we were dropping over Germany. To his amazement, he was told that they were secret. Their contents, distributed to the enemy, must be kept from the British. I noticed the other day a biting comment on this in an important American paper. The paper was complaining about a similar reticence on the part of the United States authorities and it attributed it to the fatuous secrecy of the British authorities and to their request that the Americans should follow their example. It added that the reticence of the British authorities was due to their suspicion that their pamphlets were rotten and that if their contents were known, they would be sharply criticised. Fortunately, there was no reticence about the pamphlets dropped on Rome. And by the way, this must surely have been the first time in military

history that the place and almost the time as well as the precise method of a big attack have been given to the enemy in advance.

And now to give praise to a ministry that has decided that the uses of secrecy are limited, the Air Ministry. The other day it gave out some official figures showing the chief performance capabilities of some of the most important aircraft.

## Fast Bombers

SOME of the bombers are shown in these tables to do remarkably well. The Wellington III, for instance, which has the Hercules XI engines, does 255 miles an hour at 12,500 feet, which seems to me an astonishingly fine performance for an aircraft whose original and basic design had appeared long before war broke out. Then the Halifax II does 261 miles an hour at 19,500 feet and the Hurricane IIA does 342 miles an hour at 22,000 feet. The Airacobra's speed is also unexpectedly high. With the Allison engine of 1,150 horse power it does 370 miles an hour, a justification here surely for the slim lines of the fore part of the fuselage. Among the dive bombers the Vultee Vengeance is shown and it has a top speed of 273 miles an hour. All these figures are of the utmost interest to connoisseurs of aircraft and I think that the Air Ministry is to be highly commended for putting them out.

They have another and more important value and that is that they enable incorrect figures to be refuted. When there was a "hate" going on against the Boeing Fortress one often heard its top speed wrongly quoted. The figure was reduced. Once when I wrote something about this machine I sought to cable to the company in America to find out if the figure quoted (which was exceptionally poor) was right or wrong. The cable was stopped by the censor. I was left in ignorance of the facts. I therefore quoted (with



**Lieut.-Colonel Cass H. Hough**, technical director of the U.S. Fighter Command, has been awarded the American D.F.C. for "independent flight research" in England. He has made the longest vertical dive in aviation history, reaching a speed of more than 780 m.p.h., about 40 m.p.h. faster than sound. He comes from Plymouth, Michigan

acknowledgment) the figure that had been published. Soon after I got a letter from the President of Boeings telling me the figure was a distortion of the real facts and begging me in future to get in touch with him before publishing anything! I wrote back telling him that although I had wanted to get in touch with him at the time the censors, for reasons of their own, had decided otherwise.

## Censorship

NONE of which must be taken mean that I am one of those who abuse the censorship. I think it does extraordinarily well under the most difficult conditions. The air censorship especially is admirable and worthy of the highest praise. But no censorship can be *au fait* with facts and figures about aviation in the manner of a person like myself who is always dealing with them and who probably knows what has been published and what has not. The very mention of a speed figure arouses suspicions. It seems to be one of those automatically secret things

And only those who know how speeds are bandied about and where and when and for what purpose figures are quoted, can be relied upon to sort out the genuine inquiry from the false.

## Open News

I WAS wondering if the Sicilian campaign would have gone one iota the worse if we had published all the facts about our preparations. But here the supposition is that the enemy, reading our detailed statements of when, where and how we were going to invade (compare the Rome leaflets), would think we were trying to deceive him and would take defensive steps in other places. That is an insecure basis on which to build such a vast operation. So perhaps secrecy within reason has its value. But the drawing of the line of reason might be re-done occasionally.

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